To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters *Warwike* and rescues *Richard*, & then *exeunt omnes*.

Alarmes still, and then enter *Henry solus*.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on v
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had best succesſe when *I* was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other souldier with a dead man.

2. *Sould.*

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that *I* haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel, bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

King Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1 *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For *I* haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

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